

Poetry Series

**Kyungdae Min**  
**- poems -**

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# Kyungdae Min(August 23,1951)

I am a poet.

## 2010 Class

Floating like a ship  
I dont stay in safe  
Who is my real friend?

Kyungdae Min

# 347-1

347-1

decided

decided

sea-change

sea-change

Kyungdae Min

**3927**

3927

IT IS A NUMBER

3

9

2

7

i CNA MEMORY FOR EVER

Kyungdae Min

# A Day

I open the window.  
A day beging with the blus sky,  
Reflected on a milk bottle  
If a spring of time is coiled up  
A bottle of milk will send a person  
Who is thirsty.

If a day passes away  
A day in a milk bottle turns into  
The aroma of coffee  
The memory of white milk dries  
To the color of coffee  
Remaining in my soul

Near the river where the sound of  
Rippling waves is heard  
The day is wandering without purpose  
Without the aim of tommoe.

Kyungdae Min

# A Life

life is changing  
Much has been change  
today I am alive  
Tomorrow  
I am alive  
When My life will be continued

Kyungdae Min

# A Rat Come To My Room

Hearing noisy  
A rat in the room  
It run away  
I saw ir\t runnug away  
One october afternoon

Kyungdae Min



# A Stone Is Matamorphosed Into Flower

A stone walks out of the deep  
Underground as a rose  
A stone metamorphosed into a flower losing  
Its color lay in the bloodless glass box.  
Hidden the flower beneath the clothes  
In which a bottle of fragrance  
Left for a thousand years.

The flower blooming in this world lay  
A bottle of fragrance  
In its bosom.  
The flower which forgot the memory  
Of melancholy, washing  
The breathing flower, namely a stone  
Come out to become  
A real flower in the world.

Kyungdae Min

# All Bus Stop To Run

BUS STOP

I can not go further

My thinking go further only when I meditate on

Kyungdae Min

# At The Poice Station

aT the poice station

such a day  
what will  
wait for  
me

Kyungdae Min

# Betting

never  
never  
but  
only  
never  
only  
one  
time  
win  
loss  
equal

Kyungdae Min

# Breeding

I named breeding, which comes from 'April is the cruellest month, breeding'

Breeding

2012 year make a more breeding in doing  
everything

Kyungdae Min

# Certain Time

Remembering the certain time,  
Nobody can, t make it easy  
Today time flies like a kite  
Not leavibg home  
where do not go  
I all day long stay home  
nothing doing

Kyungdae Min

# Ear Of A Tree

I met a friend who goes  
To an insurance school in New York,  
His poem appears in a Korean newspaper.  
My friend came to realize the American  
Dream, quitting  
His insurance company job, leaving  
His wife and two children behind.

He majored in philosophy,  
Still he works until daybreak  
Living in a rented apartment of  
Riverside Drive  
Subletting his apartment  
(On riverside Drive he shares)  
A rented apartment.  
He is a gardner who cultivates young  
Branches to sprout wings.

Kyungdae Min

# Early Get Up

Thinking

forming a club

Poem Tak Internet Broadcasting

PTIB in Korea

Kyungdae Min



# Exhibition

Exhibition make me nothing  
But I try to show my picture.  
My picture is very precious thing for me.  
Exhibition can evaluate heaven; s weight.  
12321

Kyungdae Min

# Future

Certain poem make me dismayed  
the following poem make me puzzled  
What is poem?  
Who can judge good poem bad poem.  
I am on the right track when I compose a poem.

Why future is always late for poets? Why future is always late for poets? Why  
future is always late for poets? Why future is always late for poets? Why future is  
always late for poets? Why future is always late for poets? Why future is always  
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Kyungdae Min

# Getting Up Early

a.m 1: 39

Yesterday

Performancing

2hours 30minutes

Biennale is over

In my mind still working

Kyungdae Min

# Good Day

city

Life is really nothing.  
Life is not really anything  
I have lived today and I saw a star in the sky.  
The space I saw yesterday remembers the movie vividly  
Today, I have been living in Korea one day  
Do something like a celebration party  
I want to sleep in the mountain tent Monday.  
We have a hard day  
I want to remember tomorrow  
Tomorrow is a truly mild aura without any hurt  
Come to me

## Poem 11

Life is really nothing.  
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# Good Job

Good job

I am a good man

I am not a good man

Who judge my innocent or guilty

This coming july 15th

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# I Am A Loney Man

Today I really become a lonely man  
The fallen leaves watch me in silence  
I can not see any thing for a monent.  
Someone tell me  
Someone scold me for being here

Kyungdae Min

# I Am Happy

I am happy

Because whatever I can compose a poem in English

I do not know exactly what kind of man read my poems

But that is not important

The important thing is that I can write what I have in mind.

I can express myself in every respects.

Kyungdae Min



# I Could Not Sleep

Why I do not sleep  
But I want to stay 'wake up' before I go to several miles  
Today is monday  
Tomorrow is tuesday  
And Wednesday is Dday.

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# I Wish

I want to have a few leaves  
fall  
down  
for ever  
over the head  
Without thinking

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# Just

just thinking  
nothing  
nothing is what

Kyungdae Min

# Life Is Fraction

We live but a fraction of our lives.  
I want to live with the fraction of our lives.  
High or low one value is from  
another.

Kyungdae Min

# London

I found Elliot's eyes on Londonbridge,  
Disappearing dreams are finding homes  
I am a blind watchman alone.  
The traces of time passing in the leaves of this country  
Walking on the walk with light barren pictures  
Now, in a vague theater where there is no more place to go  
The stage is gone and the actor is no longer needed.  
Listening to Keats's lover's tomb  
In the blurred formula of the vanity of life  
The old formula of the game law that fell asleep is  
The roads are actually tough, but they go way as if they were bad  
In the dark of the night,  
The Hemster House is Survived in Watercolors

Kyungdae Min

# Mask

I try to peel the face of Seoul  
Piling up each layer of onion  
Like white moon smiling,  
A thousand faces  
Unfold before me; my face with a moustache  
Drawn on by a girl on a school excursion.  
The face of an angry hare  
The face of a stuffed fox  
I wash the face of Seoul in the street  
Where the sea  
water dances  
Watching the traces.  
12414

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## Mind Field

In the field where I cultivates roses  
Where I dig up mufwort  
Where I plantorchids  
Goats are grazing on the grass  
I dig out the thistle in the mind field  
And within  
Are Chinese baloon flowers  
Giving forth cold green drops

Kyungdae Min

# My Birthday

Today is my birthday on the lunar calendar.

Now no one remembers my birthday.

My body can not survive anymore.

A body like a scarecrow drowned in the night rain

Who sees

It's raining.

Send away summer









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158/5000

biga naelineun socho

biga naelinda

oneul-eun eumlyeog-eulo nawi saeng-il-ida

ijeneun nugudo nawi saeng-il-eul gieoghaji anhneunda

nawi sincheneun ije deo isang beotiji moshanda

bam-ui bis-solie jeoj-eo nalg-a ppajin heosuabigat-eun sincheleul

nuga boneunga

biga onda deoug cheolyanghan sigandeul-i pogejimyeo

yeoleum-eul meolli bonaenda

A rain-sole

it is raining

Today is my birthday on the lunar calendar.

Now no one remembers my birthday.  
My body can not survive anymore.  
A body like a scarecrow drowned in the night rain  
Who sees  
It's raining.  
Send away summer

A rain-sole

it is raining  
Today is my birthday on the lunar calendar.  
Now no one remembers my birthday.  
My body can not survive anymore.  
A body like a scarecrow drowned in the night rain  
Who sees  
It's raining.  
Send away summer.

Kyungdae Min

# My Poem Is Nothing

I found my poem is nothing,  
I do not know what shall I do  
I forgot all kind

Kyungdae Min

# Ok

Ok

alway ok

truth

your name is ok

That is true

The noun of true is truth

I can puzzle game with your name

because you are you

Your mind is not my mind.

Kyungdae Min



# One Project1

Go  
Come  
And  
Fly  
And  
D  
O  
W  
N  
I  
And  
You  
Never  
Ending

Kyungdae Min

## Poetry Written On A Napkin 4

The stream of water in time  
Sunk on an airstrip of LaGuardia Airport,  
Flows  
In summer, longing for winter.  
In winter, longing for summer.

A flare reflects on a home town.  
I drink down the artoma of pleasure  
As the lights in the airship  
Turn off one by one  
I spread out a white hanherchief

As a wayfarer  
Holding a traveling ticket  
I dig out a gravel chip buried  
In my chocolate  
Saying good-bye  
Someday I long for the wayfarer  
To throw away the shelter of language  
51837

Kyungdae Min

# Rain Water Is A Question

A strand of tread breathing becomes  
A poem.

Pouring rain is like a bamboo stick,  
Choreographing question marks

Kyungdae Min

# Raining Day

raining day

today

I wii not go anywhere

Today my birth for 67years old.

I got sick

Nobody Know











Why I go somewhere

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# Recollection 1

Looking back from a deep mountain stream  
Leading to a garden of peach blossoms  
In the waste land a few orchids  
Are growing.  
A splinter of sadness dances boisterously.  
The breath of a chilly alien  
His heart is withered in the alley.  
Allusion without yelling out.

A sharp scalpel spreads an order of ether  
In a sicked stains leaves with blue.  
A child the playground empty  
In the fallen ivy leaves,  
The child nestles in its  
Mother's bosom wearing  
An unlined summer jacket.  
68652

Kyungdae Min

# Renting Apartment

New apartment

To rent is to lie

I live here for moment

But Raining is something

Now I am living in the apartment for moment

But I draw a picture for ever

To I am happy to have small apartment

In this apartment I can draw my picture which express my future.

64437

Kyungdae Min

# Saturday

Saturday

It is snowing

In

Kangnung

Kyungdae Min

# Shadow Of The Future

I have to go to the island now.  
There are the hands and feet of my fathers.  
My spinning heads make a castle  
I have to hurry to get there before nightfall.  
Nobody has anyone to stop me from going there.  
Take your solitude and go there alone at night.

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# Sky

Sky

High

Low

But when i die

Sky is none

Only remain nothingness

I do not know what the sky exist

We want to know which sky useful in my lifetime

Kyungdae Min

# Solitary

That is not my word  
But i hold a lonely word  
Which i fixed it in my mind field.

Kyungdae Min



# Sunday

I eat a lost of words  
I new another stomach  
This sunday give me god's word

Kyungdae Min

# The Day After Tomorrow

I do not know what to do for the day after tomorrow.

The day breaks

My face will erase in the world.

What if My mind burst out to the sky.

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# The Sea

The moon through darkness.  
Seaweed is replanted in the sea.  
The night sea receives  
The rippling light waves  
With a murmur.  
The sea heaves a fluttering breath  
As the shimmering wings  
Of a seagull lulls each wave  
To sleep.  
53588

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# The Sky In My Shoe

Under  
The eaves  
The sky  
Comes  
D  
O  
W  
N  
In the july morning  
Folding  
An umbrella

The sky mirrored  
In my shoe  
Waving a ripple  
Planting  
The tree

Kyungdae Min

# The Wisdom Of Poetry

In the morning I get up early in the morning,  
My father and my sisters,  
They stay in us, all together  
We read the wisdom of poetry  
Ezra Pound wrote as follows:

A book which was causing some clatter about a year ago, and which has been mercifully forgotten, a book displaying considerable vigorous, inaccurate thought, fathomless ignorance, and no taste whatever, claimed, among other things less probable, that it presented the first 'scientific and satisfactory definition of poetry.'

Kyungdae Min

# The, Little Philosopher

The little philosopher awoke at dawn.  
He ate 48 full moons  
And drank the air loosely.  
Near the head of my pillow,  
Muttering to himself  
The language runs along  
A piano keyboard.

The tree rockingly,  
The mountain rockingly,  
The cloud rockingly,  
My umbrella rockingly,  
My sister's umbrella rockingly,  
That's interesting.

Is that an air festival?  
Air is cotton candy given by God.  
My mother could drink the air.  
I will give my mother the air drawn  
From the hole of a hive,  
On my way to the supermarket,  
From the sewage drain,  
I will take a handful of air  
Which I will plant  
In my mother's heart.

If the sun dies.  
We could not eat the sunlight and air.  
Mother, I, sister, Daddy, mountain would die.  
And then what shall we do.  
Could we go to heaven?  
Is there this much sunlight there?

Kyungdae Min

## Three Nine Two Seven

I change my number instead of 2952.

I can say nothing in this moment.

Fall seem me beautiful.

But I am sad in moment.

Sad, sorrow, unhappy, ugly these kind of words  
make me more sad.

Kyungdae Min

# Waiting

No one without waiting for me  
What kicked me alone carries only  
Back to the earth around  
Earth turns  
Today and tomorrow be earth revolves the earth  
But in my mind no longer move  
Only this time the claws of vanity made the ear  
spread with all the noise sound below my feet  
Further down into the lower plane runway  
Like the noise disappears

Kyungdae Min



# Worry

Worry is thoughts, images and emotions of a negative nature in which mental attempts are made to avoid anticipated potential threats.[1] As an emotion it is experienced as anxiety or concern about a real or imagined issue, usually personal issues such as health or finances or broader ones such as environmental pollution and social or technological change. Most people experience short-lived periods of worry in their lives without incident; indeed, a moderate amount of worrying may even have positive effects, if it prompts people to take precautions (e.g., fastening their seat belt or buying fire insurance) or avoid risky behaviours (e.g., angering dangerous animals, or binge drinking) .

I have a worry. It cme to me today.

Kyungdae Min